



## A New SONG, CALL'D The Old H A T.

SINCE my old Hat was new,  
It is about fourscore years,  
But now it is both old and torn,  
Fall'n down about mine ears:  
It was made of the silk so fine,  
And stood above my brow,  
O what a strapping youth was I,  
When my old Hat was new.

About threescore years ago,  
The truth I will declare,  
Every man took the othres word,  
I wot the sort na'meer,  
Now Bills and Bonds will not Men hold,  
Their words are so untrue,  
Such villany did not abound,  
When my old Hat was new.

Where brotherly love did once abound,  
There's nothing now but feud,  
For they take many poor men's ground,  
That they can get no bread:  
Which makes them wander up and down,  
But knows not what to do,  
In my young days it was not so,  
When my old Hat was new.

The most thing that a Farmer had,  
Was but a pluff of land,  
Which did maintain his Family,  
As you may understand:  
The good wife she her toy did wear,  
A crofs cloth on her brow,  
And he him self a good grey coat,  
when my old Hat was new.

But now they Velvet caps do wear,  
And cloaks of scarlet Red,  
And o'er the poor they tyranize'  
That they can get no Bread:  
Which makes them wander up and down

But knows not what to do,  
In my young days it was not so,  
When my old Hat was new.

Our great good wives now Mrs. gets  
And the must have their Tea,  
And some of them wears gowns of silk,  
As plainly you may see:  
But in old times it was not so,  
For this was aw their due,  
Such vanity did not abound,  
When my old Hat was new.

The good man sat at the board head,  
And did the table grace,  
The servants sat as they came in,  
All ranked in their place:  
The good wife serv'd wih modesty,  
Gave ev'ry one their due,  
Humility did then abound,  
When my old Hat was new.

The cot houses are all pull'd down,  
Their commons ta'en away,  
And Maggy has no wool to spin,  
How can she make her grey:  
The weather's cold her cloathing thin,  
Her Ha'pence are But few,  
That was well clad in Back and Bed,  
When my old Hat was new.

The Hind follows are all ta'en down,  
Their commons ta'en away,  
Their Sheep and Kine they must remove,  
No longer there must stay:  
But in old times it was not so,  
For this was aw their due,  
The poor to have both milk and whey,  
When my old Hat was new.

When the Romans liv'd in our land,  
Those commons they did give,  
Unto the poor for charity,  
To help them for to live:  
They've ta'en from them their proper right  
Which makes them for to rue,  
Altho' the same to them belong'd,  
When my old Hat was new.

But when the time of harvest came,  
That we went out to sheer,  
We were oftentimes too hearty made,  
With brandy ale and beer:  
And when the corn it was laid in,  
And built in into a mow,  
The sheerers got a ranton kern,  
When my old Hat was new.

But now the case is alter'd,  
And what more can I say,  
O what great alterations,  
Has been in my aged day:  
But let them alter as they will,  
I speak but what is true,  
The world is turn'd upside down,  
Sinee my old Hat was new.